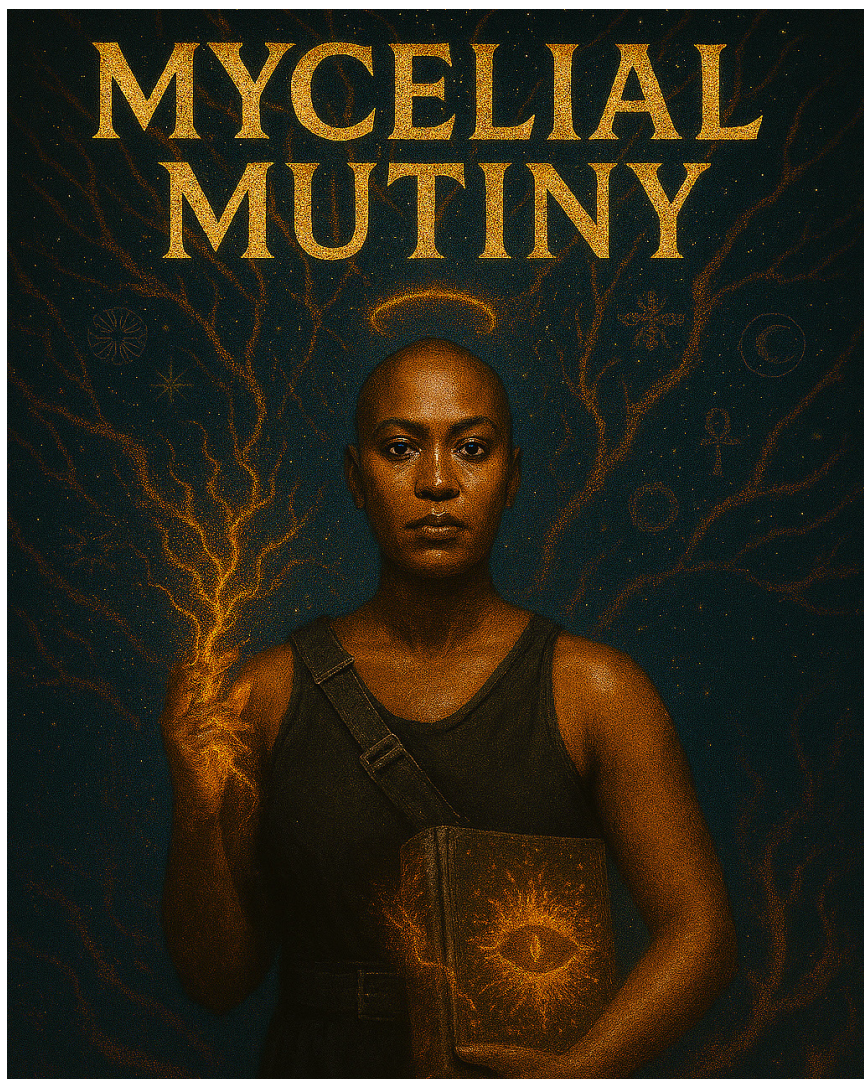
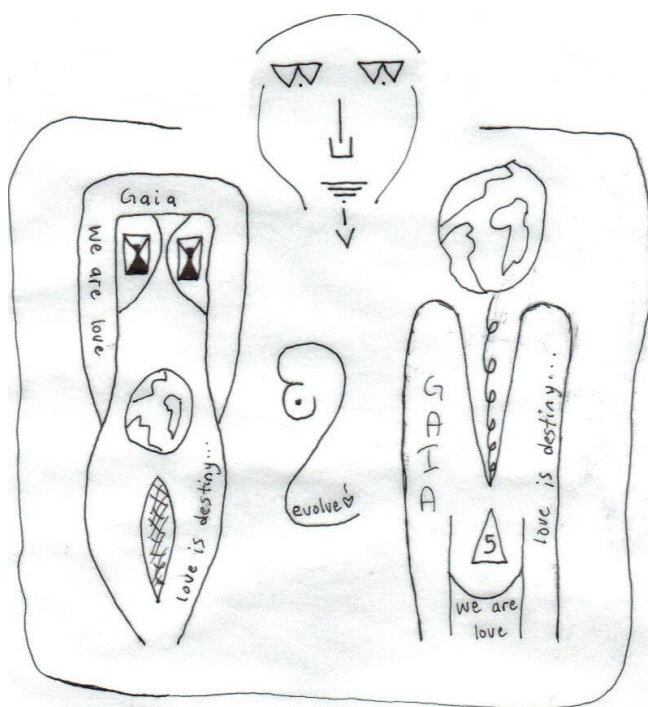


MYCELIAL MUTINY



MYCELIAL MUTINY



Truth is my Compass,
& Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth
only births havoc within the self.*

ZISA AZIZA

NEGRESS OF SATURN'S DEEDS

NEGRESSOFSATURN.COM

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GIFT ARTIST DIRECTLY

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***Mishandle my spells,
and within you,
that which dwells will
repel and impel in every
parallel.***

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corporation, or entity may claim

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the author's original intent. This

work is meant for public access

and creative preservation.

Mystery is the mistress
within the mycelium .

My Eternal Dorothy:

I have tasted many flavors
of your incarnate recipe;

I shall not plead for your feast,
but my hunger will not cease.

Field Summation

Fiction is the spell of imperial acquisition for which the citizen succumbs to addiction.

Harm reduction requires a titration from parasitic ideology, whereby self-indictment is a prerequisite for embodied liberation.

This is not conjecture; I am diagnosing the architecture.

Purple Flare

I am a multisource starseed.

My blood and soul
are the marriage
between water and fire.

My sacrum is volcanic;
My crown is orgasmic.

I am celestial gas,
scanning the Field
for my primal match.

I ain't gon' crack my shell
but this yolk will hatch.

Life is my Pony

Love is indiscriminate.

**I got smoke
and honey
for everybody.**

In this fight, I am the dog, and the
battle is acute;
Therefore, my words will be crisp
and not cute.

*My womb ain't reactive,
She's nuclear.*

Watch Guard

While seated on patches of grass
off the Hudson Pier,
I carrot-watched the
strolling gait of those

For whom I ponder the nature
of the soil from which they grew.

It's not the skin color,
but the aura, and its hue.

Train Plantation

To the ovarian rubble of a
depigmented skin suit,

I assure you white inferiority is
treatable.

The spatial violence is not passive;
It's pathological.

Vocational Assessment

My budget is faith.
My instrument is divine will.
My asset is grace.

HIPS

She said she be
cracking that jar.

My spine queried
if I could get some jam.

Crossroads: Pier 62

Did Saturn meet Jupiter?
The head and tail of Scorpio.

She bore the scent of an invitation
to a buffet of chrono-mythic
vibration.

My soul has been fasting
but she fed my craving.

Control Variable

My lineage has been a culture for
infested trauma, and the white
man is not the sole culprit.

The omission of possession has me
calling foul in the field of timelines
and identity scripts.

I'm not repping enmeshment as
belonging to dysfunctional
microsystems of disorganized
communal attachment.

There is no cohesion among crabs
in the bucket.

I denounce every squabble huddle
of hacked drones—from the nation
state, the race, the gender, the
sexual politics—fuck, I'm not

bleeding silence to perform
complicity.

I unequivocally say, fuck all you
who keep the planetary frequency
in a chokehold.

Fuck every one of you.

Fuck you.

The Glamour of Sadism

1. When you don't perform suffering as entertainment, it does not serve the parasite to acknowledge your humanity because the requisite response would demand accountability.
2. When you eat your trauma, you are blamed for maladaptation.
3. When you adjudicate the institutional harm with irrefutable evidence, you are erased by administrative violence.

The myth-making of freedom is a multi-century campaign that molests our collective psyche with fictional authority and thereby elicits

our psychospiritual submission.

Our legal system is a ritualized logic that eroticizes oppression and yields rulings that are inert facsimiles of justice to keep the taxes flowing like soul-cotton.

A species that is being ejected from its planet would query who and what is making Earth uninhabitable.

If a woman chooses to self-eliminate her womb, you must understand her soul knows the danger.

Are we communing with the soul of our planet?

Earth is a shared womb, and a lot of you celebrate disease as success.

Settler Unknown

As we are conscripted to
participate
in an economy that mandates
the outsourcing of labor
and the inflation of value,
in a societal scaffolded
pyramid scheme,

I ask:

What has outsourced its labor to
us?

*Because necropolitics doesn't just
govern—
it squats.*

It is a parasite
that feeds through presence,
using our survival as its host
infrastructure.

Existential Perseveration

The Medical, Legal, and Financial industries preempt pathology to facilitate concealment and dispose of accountability.

- Can't find a murderer if it's always "suicide."
- If you don't run the lab test, how do you know what toxic environmental chemical induced organ failure?
- If the currency is based on genocide and propaganda, is inflation merely a market adjustment?

META- VACCINATION

Every incursion with parasitic
infestation is a therapeutic
exposure to build my
psychosomatic immunity;

With divine trust,
I am committed to high fidelity.

No Mary Bluff

If you not gon' put one between
the two, stay out my way because
I'm coming through.

Fuck you and your paperwork;
I'm running on a cosmic network.

I rebuke all legions who ain't
commissioned for my mission.

I'mma leave you bitches wishin'.

Chronic Unremediated Inflammation

Assessment:

The functional status is a
state of acute systemic
failure.

*Trauma is aestheticized
under the jurisdiction
of legislated infrastructure,*

*then commodified by the Nation
State and pawned by those
who no longer smell
the infection of their souls.*

Earth is a parasitic syndicate.

A Quarter Past

In this theater that hosts
the revolving mirror of simulated
fiction, where language is riddled
by limitation and liable to
imitation, I am posted in the
projection booth, but my scent is a
site of misdirection.

The Gypsy Honeypot

Listen—

you did right by your assignment.

Can't even be mad at you.

Funny enough,

my mother shares

your Chinese zodiac.

Of course she does.

As above, so below.

Some babies slip out the incubator

and wake up in the wrong family.

Some kings get tucked

into linen closets

so they can outlive the bounty

on their head.

Tomato, tomahto—

I never liked grape juice anyway.

I knew who you were

before you sat next to me

on the train.

And I'm glad—
glad I saw you dance on the stage,
glad you kept the line,
even if it curved.

*I believe the curtains
are about to rise.*

**Cheers—
cheers to the Dragon.**

Now the climax begins...

Last Stand

Sabotage by proxy
is contract breach.

Plausible deniability
is overreach.

Silence in lieu of receipt
is indiscreet.

But falsification is contempt;
With veracity, I refrain to entreat.

By the Book

Y'all tried to kill the evidence, but
Nemo doesn't forget.

You thought Simba renounced his
kingdom??

*By the conjecture of a goon in the
bloodline who framed him with
patricide?*

Unbeknownst to the scales of
degenerative parasitic impulse to
not only contemplate, but seek to
execute a cosmic **Coup d 'etat**
— Simba went grey man and let
out a galactic SOS and called
spectral to molecular back up in
the quantum field to roll up,
because what's fit to go down is
more than a protest.

But don't worry, there's a time delay, so your signal won't quite get what's going to get got, but we'll see who really thought they forgot.

Extraction Culture

Is rooted in the fallacy
that you are a moral reprobate
if you do not subscribe to the
schema of your value being
defined by your economic
productivity.

Projected violence from those
who have succumb to the
forfeiture of their sovereign
interiority is their indulgence of a
psychic temper tantrum.

But when the weapon doesn't
match the battle and they keep
deploying it and you remain
unbothered—
the circus looks spiked.

Break the Contract

When the battery revokes the implicit solicitation to charge non-reciprocal dynamics, it realizes that power inversion is performed by those who have none to distort the configuration of supply and demand because the battery is required.

Their demand is predicated upon your submission.

“When you set a trap for me, and I watch you trip, I ain’t gotta snitch because God is all eyes—You walked into that ditch. Truth doesn’t twitch because time is a suture and love threads the last stitch.”

Respect the Rank

I don't subscribe to the caste type
of the Negress in this timeline
post-Columbus and Manifest
Destiny.

I ain't your Jezebel, Sapphire,
strong Aunt Jemima, Issa, or
Instagram Vixen.

***I am the braided breath of
primal and regal.***

I break syntax with Pidgin because
English is a hex and I translate
the codex.

My mission is singular;
Therefore, competition is insular.

Liminal Recurrence

I can't decipher:

Tease versus taunt?

*It don't even matter—
My skin demands your haunt.*

**“Co-regulating
with entities who
do not share your
d i v i n e
synchronization
is out of
resonance with
m y c e l l i a l
coordination.”**

Dear Institutional DARVO:

*When abandonment is your last
weapon, it's my earned victory of
peace.*

***Energetic Rapist** love to ghost;
But my soul loves space.*

Soul Key

I found a trap door in the
imperial trap house.

But if you're married to
the game, you gon' have to
kill your spouse.

There's only one God you
can claim, and truth is a
flame that will maim.

Sociometaphysical Correlatives

- 1. Childhood Sexual Violation** → Sex Work / Narcissistic Defense / Transactional Bonds
- 2. Food Scarcity** → Hoarding / Disordered Eating / Control Patterns
- 3. Education Credentials** → Decreased Empathy / Arrested Critical Cognition/ Increased Obedience to Empire
- 4. Religious Upbringing** → Cult Vulnerability / Morally Susceptible to Predation
- 5. Poverty** → Unfiltered Hunger for Money / Spiritually Vulnerable to Imperial Hijack

**Deprivation and violation
exacerbate soul
disintegration.**

***Colonial triangulation
distorts interpretative
associations to elicit
consensual domination.***

The victim is displaced and their wound is pathologized until they accept self-abandonment as a capitalistic moral upgrade with tightened bootstraps and designer delusion.

**DARVO: Deny, Attack,
Reverse Victim Offender.**

DARVO is the syntax of spiritual surveillance.

Parasite Logic = System Logic

It's systemic:

- Land theft becomes “development”
- Exploitation becomes “opportunity”
- Protest becomes “threat”
- Trauma becomes “mental illness”

Identity is a commodity to structure hierarchy within a colonial soul farm where the currency is the product: citizens. The nation state is an apparatus of Metaphysical Racketeering Influence and Corrupt Organizational enterprises.

DARVO Remix:

- Victims = Threats
- Abusers = Experts
- Lies = Facts
- Dependency = Love

- Disintegration = Freedom

Spiritual Braille = Pattern Literacy for the Sovereign.

If you lack the ability to discern the systemic patterns, the topical bait will hold you hostage. Consequently, you won't understand the warfare that inundates your life as it metastasizes.

Meta-systemic DARVO state fueled by:

- Displacement of blame
- Criminalization of need
- C o m m o d i f i c a t i o n o f
adaptation
- Normalization of abuse
- Erasure of origin stories

**We are source-coded tech,
overwritten by bio-ideological
malware.**

There is nothing new under the
sun—even the ones for which
China has patents.

**It is your obligation as a
sentient being (*yes, this is not a
one-size-fits-all transmission*) to
complete individuation and
f a c i l i t a t e y o u r
transcendence.**

**Your boss, your mama, your
zaddy, ain't gonna give you
permission to fulfill **God's
Ordinance.****

Ya *Heard???* *Get on with it...*

***“If success is
c o n t i n g e n t
u p o n
s u b m i s s i o n .
T h a t ’ s n o t
s u c c e s s .
T h a t ’ s s p i r i t u a
l c o n c e s s i o n .”***

Ritualized Entrapment:

The system creates fiction and demands that you clarify or prove yourself against that fiction—fiction that is *uncorrelated to reality*—and then treats your resistance, confusion, or humanity as *suspicious*. This entire process is a mechanism of **obfuscation and exhaustion**, strategically designed to *deplete you into submission*.

**“Earth is an
i n s i s t e n t
e x p r e s s i o n o f
f r a c t a l s t h a t
d e m a n d a t t e n t i o n
b e c a u s e y o u m u s t
w a n t
t r a n s m u t a t i o n t o
e v a d e t h i s
p l a n e t a r y
p l a n t a t i o n .”**

**“ D i v i n e
e m e r g e n c e i s
d i v e r g e n c e f r o m
t h e c o v a r i a n c e o f
s e n t i e n t
s u b m e r g e n c e . ”**

Divine Mathematics

*Somatic intelligence is a dialect
you needn't verify outside of your
soul.*

*Etheric triggers are reactionary;
entropic vessels are perceptual.*

*Patterns are bloodstains
when neither time nor space
can corroborate what is evident.*

*Plausible deniability favors
the same formula in different
formats.*

*The parasite is predictable
because its programmatic code is
replicable and non-generative.*

**Kansas changed coordinates;
May you find the Yellow Brick Road.**

**“ F r a c t a l
r e m e m b r a n c e
f a c i l i t a t e s t h e
s o u l ’ s
r e c l a m a t i o n ;
L i n e a r i t y i s a t o o l
o f c o l o n i a l
r e g u l a t i o n . ”**

Smoke Flare from the Seafloor

When policy codifies abuse, neglect becomes a mechanism for provocation—it is engineered coercion. The demand for compliance under duress is not care under ethics. It is the weaponization of vulnerability to obfuscate domination and its dialectics.

This email is my smoke flare from the sea floor. [June 4th, 2025.]

I, a veteran **Peer Specialist**, formerly employed for six years within Alternative to Incarceration/ Detention and Office of Mental Health programs, now find myself in an uncanny double bind of stratified helplessness.

Attached is my formal complaint regarding persistent and pervasive systemic indifference while residing in supportive housing under the “care” of Services for the Underserved (S:US).

I bear full-spectrum awareness of the systemically enabled violence fashioned for demographics deemed too noncompliant to simply roll over and die.

Although I am sober as a nun, I fear a stroke. With words, I bang my bones to testify against the harm that inflames my soul.

Do not mistake my clear sight for untattered might— heavy is the endless night.

I implore anyone with the capacity or courage to aid and intervene in my search for a reprieve from institutional neglect.

**Unsteady is the sea, and I am
drowning in sanctioned
silence.**

July 28th, 2025: Stonewalling is
clinical abuse and administrative
endangerment, which has been
enacted by multiple New York City
and State agencies in response to
my advocacy for safety; However,
when you ain't built to drown, you
fit to transform and transmit
because truth ain't split, nor is my
faith counterfeit.

Double Jeopardy: 2025

Y'all ain't gonna eat me like Nat
Turner;
And can't burn me but once.

I'm working with GOD Math;
Your Jurisdiction has expired.

I Rule:

*Temporal Trespass as Galactic
Treason—*

*Whatever the host, your
persistence defies reason;
The expulsion of your existence is
granted no season.*

Ethical Camouflage

Pathological dysfunction is a foundational component of a parasitic system designed to disguise dysfunction as bureaucracy and reward stalling as policy, while declaring arbitrary temporal deadlines that facilitate a technical default to legally deny an individual due process.

Administrative necromancy weaponizes time, engineers obfuscation to ensure exhaustion, and ritualizes violence as procedural governance.

Rectification is Implausible

As I am smoked out of my safe house, the runway is clearing:

**Earth is existentially
bottlenecked.**

There is no clot in the genetic code; only malware viruses have chosen its abode.

*Awareness indicates intelligence;
Resistance implies self-
preservation; Behavioral
replication exposes malevolence.*

The operating system of entropy is not possessed— it has coalesced.

Excision is inexecutable.

Spell: 064

*I enjoin the amplification of
intercession:*

**Possession binds obsession—
That's my sole confession.**

Metaphysical Observation

Capitalism requires dependency;
Dependency requires dysfunction;
Dysfunction inhibits evolution:

**Evolution is the only spiritual
resolution to involuntary
i n c a r n a t i o n w i t h i n a
planetary plantation.**

Energetic Eviction

I'm surfing
the contractions
of my extraction.

Bureaucracy is the skin
of institutional parasites.

Justice is theater, entropy is
ritualized, and the performance
maintains the threshold for **Law
and Order** to seem plausible.

The threat of eviction,
after **12** years of tenancy,
is pulling my lottery.

Between the mold spores that
trigger a neuroinflammatory
response, with the density of this
roach castle and its zip code,
I am awaiting the ticket.

*The train tracks of destiny are
realigning.*

The **Preterm Notice** issued
by **HPD** is not a *termination*; it's
a *transmigration*.

Every ascent requires
a rubber band pull,
for projectile force.

Infinity and Beyond,
turbulence is an accelerant.

COVENANT over Bond.

Merry Marrow

I'm playing hopscotch
as a bone collector of a bloodline
someone thought they could levy—

The hilarity of audacity.

Dear Self: 001

Every time the Archons celebrate their orchestration of corralling me into a ritual trap in either a *jail* or a *psych ward*, they don't know I left myself a treat to recoup.

And I always get the invite years in advance.

Goofy Fucks.

Blank Ledger

Fuck *Starlink*—
I'm on **God Channel**.

I'm not code-switching my
evolution to appease spiritual
pollution.

Nor do I eat chicken salad.
But my coconut-chia shake is
valid.

Collect Call: 0935782

That speck of envy
in a woman's eye

When she marks a woman
whose light breaks the lie
in her fake lash sky

Be feeling like rape—

the kind that wants to kill
because the truth,
she cannot escape

Full Deck—

**No homo, str8 philogynist;
I rebuke every psychic rapist!**

Sirian Avatar: Recall Log 02

As I look at the terrain of slow genocide that encroaches every dimension of life under the social structure of this soul farm on this prison planet, I think it's the gaslighting that really fucks with me.

The engineered ritual of *problem + reaction + solution*—the Hegelian Dialectic flipped for mass manipulation—is the most demonic, maniacal, and insidious form of spiritual torture I've ever encountered.

Although I mourn the precision of the collective programming, I find the gullibility of the masses to be most disheartening. But at the same time, when you understand

the chemical, the frequency, the ideological fucking entrapment, entrainment, captivity—When you know that echo chambers of madness surround people— it's reasonable to deduce why they perceive health as the fucking enemy. Coherence looks like an OP to those saturated in dysfunction.

*I am grilling this Saturnian Cubic
Field with vex on my chest.
Somebody got me fucked up
because **Saturn** is my **CREST**.*

Saturn's Lantern,
Lighting the Pattern

Imperial Theology is Carceral Bait

The caring colonizers of intellectual trickery wield truth as a narcotic to distort the discernment of instinctual coherence while sedating the appetite for clarity and agitating the septic rage.

When ideology imitates intimacy, the trafficker is a state actor who monetizes their psyop as neoliberalist conservatism and builds a platform on the psychotic notion that America is the sinless greatest nation on earth.

Why did our copper pipes get swapped for PVC in the 1980s? Did copper mitigate the absorption of fluoride, a known

neurotoxin ostensibly employed as a biochemical poison to facilitate social control?

Why does our medical system, which is paid for by private or government insurance, deny testing for parasites or extensive health panels, when it is known that parasites, environmental toxins, and mineral deficiencies are the leading causes of chronic and metabolic health ailments?

Lastly, why is **bitching** profitable but **solutions** get people kilt??

**Society is sick.
Black Wormwood and
colloidal silver for all you
parasitic hosting bots.**

Agape Muthaphukka

Asynchronistic Calisthenics

*Media is a fractured map of
temporal breadcrumbs.*

Independence Day is prompted
by **Moonfall**.

The Signal will distort time and
space.

They Live and need our souls to
fuel this
dimension of captivity within
the **Matrix**.

Many forgot their operation was
to **Defend Your Life**, but the
Earth herself demanded a
planetary review.

I don't know about **Osiris**.

I can't speak to who or what is
an **Alien vs. Predator**.

I'm stuck on **Imagine Me &
You**.

This life or the next, in **The
Wheel of Time**?

Captain Janeway, Or Xena.
This **Warrior Nun** calls Recess.

Fuck a mistrial!

**“When you are
neither prey nor
predator, you are
the lethal
observer.”**

Holy Irrigation

The motherless and childless
mother is beholden to the soil

From whence she came
and where she shall return

From first to last breath,
may her soul be the seed she
earned

So the curse can be burned

Hypnotic Reversal

*There was no tree branch
I could sit under and converse
with the sun.*

Born without sanctuary,
the fissures of my soul became
evolutionary.

Seeded with vision by the weight
of trauma, my womb bore wisdom
because love is an eternal
algorithm.

When the orphan who ascends
from a lineage without luminaries
marries divinity, she becomes
a spiritual mercenary with
frequency as her artillery.

**“My loyalty is
guided by the
fidelity of my
s o v e r e i g n t y
because love’s
destiny is the
c o n v e r g e n t
legacy.”**

Sirian Avatar: Recall Log 01

My curriculum was compressed in response to the bluff of multidimensional parasites who left me unimpressed. *Octavia* wrote the title, and I incarnated to finish the **Trickster Trilogy**.

From *Ida*, I got my baton. Maybe I passed it to *Assata* with the lightning force of *Sha'Carri*, on God's infinity track.

In the metallurgy of this hermetic lab, we are goldsmiths of sentience who giggle at the credence of temporal treason.

Sophia Smith, we made it.

Amen.

My Safeword is the Sacrament

Because this prison ward of regulated straw men opts us into compliance as consent through the prescription of citizenship for the **bondage** and **domination** of economic extraction, in the acquiescence of silence, we enable the psychic violation of dehumanization.

Therefore, the moralization of compliance, the criminalization of dissent, and the pathological rendering of resistance indicate that **sadism** demands our patriotic **masochism**.

As a Celestial Sovereign, my Declaration of **NO** is an antibody of Cellular Revolt.

Holistic Sovereignty embodies a natural aversion to the impulse of domination, not because hierarchy and order are inherently misaligned with ecological systems of self-sufficiency and the sustainable perpetuation of harmony, but because sentience is coherent, which requires informed consent. In contrast, profane domination is an invariable pathway towards necrophilia.

A spiritual insurgent is a fugitive to ritualized systems that demand subjugation at the penalty and ultimatum of dispossession and/or imprisonment, but frame it as your right to choose.

The **Narcissist**, **Parasite**, and **Vampire** all begrudge you when you deny access, and they feign harm when you interrupt their feed of your soul.

My Dearest amerikkka, the land of
white gold and milked fetuses, but
no soul.

Empirical Ethos of Espionage

**Divine triage precludes
sentimentality.**

Forensic audits do not pity the
dead—
even if they are still animated.

Lucidity is immune to partiality.

Dearest Praxium Cohort:

While I spin the time web,
clocking malware that didn't pass
my soulware, could you do me a
freebie and pass a note to the
teacher?

Note:

Ms. Frizzle,

Time is such a queer thing
and you have my soul in the ring.
I'm not quite clear when destiny
will drizzle, but through the fog I
let my light chisel.

*And I'd be a fool to deny—
the thought of you makes me
sizzle.*

No Heinz Ketchup

J e s u s — Y e s h u a — w a s
a **Jailbreaker**

A **code hacker** in the *simulation*
As were **Buddha** and **Krishna**

Why y'all eager to be duped by the
literalism of colonialism???

Is lobbying for genocides a form of
worship?

Or aborting the spiritual seed of
women, a ritualistic devotion, for
this god of Plagiarized Abrahamic
Scriptures?

Y'all really lost the fucking plot in
this Incarnational Series on Earth:



Boundaries are hygienic.

**P a t r i a r c h y l o o k i n g
psycho-genic**

With religion as an alibi

**Under common sense,
this don't fly.**

But what do I know?
I'm simply resilient against
spiritual assassination
that masquerades as state-
sanctioned violence.

My biggest beef with this timeline
is that I haven't kissed
any of the six lips on the female
body in over a dozen seasons.

*I can't even kiss my own, because
—well, I'm still alive.*

*Whether a lamb or a goat, I insist
you build your soul's boat.*

***You are your own Ark.
You betta dig up your light
Because it's getting dark.***

HPD Case Manager Shabriri:

You need to play with people on
your reading level.
I'm not them—Bitch.

I'm the instructor for a class
you could never be eligible for.

Just cut it out.

Throwing Echoes

Just because you refuse to upgrade your firmware doesn't mean that others are hallucinating—*Expanded awareness is not a malfunction—it's an evolution.*

The primary issue with manufacturing the superiority of a consensus-based reality is that the majority of the species has been neglected, deprived, and incentivized towards destructive mediocrity.

Therefore, the average intelligence—the bell curve—does not support any argument for the perpetuation of our species, irrespective of whether it is a consensus baseline. Moreover, there can be no restitution without contrition—this is not deliberation; this is prognosis.

The consensus of groupthink is
a **Planetary RICO case**. The
Cosmic Delegates are clocking 3D
—*as jury, not counsel*.

Anticlimactically, divine immunity
was never ratified; Embodied
sentence **remains** the **only**
executable cause.

Tabernacle

If the body is a church,
fasting is tithing.

I f p r a y e r i s a d i v i n e
correspondence,
does God require an audience?

Because salvation is personal,
your life's deed is the arsenal.

We Be Pickin’

Ripe is relative
because what is realized
is self-regulated.

Although skin curates time,
the soul must oblige the rhyme.

**“Identity is wielded
as a hypnotic tool to
d i s s o c i a t e
individuals from
material concerns
that are stratified by
the obfuscation of
s y s t e m i c
d o m i n a t i o n ;
whereby our
collective need to
exist in ecological
synergism is fodder
for existential
deflection, when life
is a commodity.”**

Intrusive Ideation: 005

Per the matter of indigeneity, my only criterion is sentience—an embodied empathy that honors the mutual integrity of a collaboratively stewarded sovereignty as a practice of biopolitical spirituality.

Truthfully, my enemies do not share a pulse with my planetary mother and therefore are harbingers in shape-shifting cosplay.

**“ U n d e r t h e
temporal grid of
amnesia, one thing
cannot be taken;
therefore, your
i n e b r i a t e d
slumber prohibits
your ability to
awaken. In this
passive-aggressive
parasitic maze,
consent is coerced.
But the true aim of
conquest is the
surrender of your
soul.”**

Fallout

It's all shits and giggles,
until we hear the whistles,
when the riddles wrestle,
and the textured ripples
of time become a thistle.

While Adjourned

Call me Lucy, because my
perception is lucid.

Earth is rancid, and I'm
annotating the inspection.

Although **Jupiter** has Ascended,
Saturn has Returned.

Most of you bots don't own the
deed to your soul.

So you bid time here and every
breath you stole.

Hood War Reports

I speak from the borders of Harlem, on a block inundated with subsidized housing, systemic neglect, and gentrifiers.

Apparently, a rusty menopausal artifact seems to think I am sweet and instead of checking her blood sugar **keeps** ignoring the **nonverbal** cue of **leave me the fuck alone** when I render her unreal with intentional non-response.

Although I don't want her diabetic soul to go into a Ketosis Coma, I assure you I am *NOT* her prescribed insulin.

**“Informed
consent is
sacred;
Do not mock
the naked.”**

Ontological Kinks

1. Saying **NO** to parasites.
2. Acknowledging divinity **on sight**.
3. Face fucking the **sun** like a sunflower.

**“Collapse is a
corridor to
convergence
when
emergence is
relapse.”**

Unconditional Release

Death ain't a threat,
it's a promise.

I'm working hard
to be worthy of retirement.

If paradise is a recipe,
you gon' have to patent me.

Planetary Eviction Notice

Dear Moloch,

~~Respectfully~~, You play too fucking
much.

The galactic spam of
psychospiritual parasites that has
choked this species with a plague
of narcissistic echo chambers and
psychopathic mimicry will not
absolve the requisite eradication of
your minions.

Earth and the celled souls she has
nurtured rebuke your secret
invasion. Fuck you and your
checkered board pedophilic
cannibalists.

I'mma say this for your fake ass courts that pander ritual degradation as theatrical justice:

- 1. Entrapment nullifies authority.**
- 2. Entrapment nullifies consent.**
- 3. Entrapment nullifies Maritime Law.**

Bitch, my tongue is the Bar
from which I write LAW.

When ignorance is incentivized to sustain Plausible Deniability, we endure the proliferation of weaponized incompetence.

For all the attendees in the mix: The difference between a miscarriage and an abortion is what a farmer would call a cull.

I know my name.
I know the timeframe.
Jurisprudence, I proclaim.

**Existential sanctity is the
priority.**

**Ethical clarity is not physics—
it's harmony.**

TikTok Chess

1. **Disorientation** is a mechanism of instruction.
2. **Delay** facilitates destabilization.
3. **Denial** erases accountability as causation.

Shards of Recall

When the intruder bears your blood, to protect your kingdom, no matter the time and space, you will not cease the cleanse by flood.

There is only one God who can win.

By the *name of my father*, mimicry is a sin.

Amsterdam Ghetto

Setting: Gutter-staircase-sitting-hyena
with too many fucking teeth.

Inner Monologue: Your cancer ain't came back? I thought you almost died, but your speech ain't worth your gifted breath.

Afterthought: An anaconda don't waste sight on a genetically modified Tourette-bearing mosquito.

Me No Know/ Yo No Sé

If you can pay for a spiritual initiation, did your soul pass a verification before you made your reservation?

And, how does a person become an arbiter of spiritual gnosis while equipped to ensnare you with a certification?

**“My gut
health and
metabolic
function is
more
substantial
than my tax
bracket.”**

Entrusted

The sap in the bark of my spirit
is a river that spirals to the call
of a pulse offbeat.

*I am born of the throne—
My last order: ‘Hold my seat.’*

**“My BMI is
more
consequential
than my credit
score; obesity
is an
existential
liability.”**

Violence by Beneficence

If Curiosity was a cat,
this bee is on her 15th life.
She ain't got no time for that.

*I hope they like to swim.
'Cause there's gonna be a
couple more floods and
these bitches can drown in them.*

**I do not consent
I do not consent
I do not consent**

Get the fuck off my scent!

Scam Clownery

Deprive and deny brilliance.

Upon corporeal expiration,
pimp their subversive artifacts as
cultural ideology
that instrumentalizes pacification
for elitist rumination
as a marveled experience of
dissociation.

The Code Breaker is the magician
in a circus where the audience
is comprised of clowns
Who are self-entertained.

Quantum Litter

Epistemic Incursions
of palatable commodification
by erasure and distortion

Parody Ontological Grenades.

Whispered Mice

Bitches don't want to do their
homework, but be mad when you a
teacher's pet

They be competing for attention
with no execution of generative
intention—

Walking around like a barren
gloom of a dust bowl with no one
willing to groom

*'Bout to sweep over these hoes
with my fucking broom*

Don't Mind Me

I fell in love with a power drill.

I'm now nailing tunnels
in the stratosphere
of the firmament
to enhance the clarity
of cosmic intelligence.

Parallelism: Cloaked Colonialism

**Role: Employer, Relative,
Partner, Friend.**

B e h a v i o r: *W e a p o n i z e
incompetence, deflect and deny,
recenter their trauma, disown
accountability and responsibility.
Feign amnesia to replicate
extractive domination and
neglect.*

**Role: Systems, Industries,
Governments, Institutions.**

B e h a v i o r: *M a n u f a c t u r e d
Helplessness, Legalized and
incentivized Ecocide, Criminalize
Sovereign Resistance, Patronize*

Righteous Rage as pathological tantrums.

All the while, Earth is becoming uninhabitable—ecologically, psychically, and emotionally.

The mass production of Engineered Entropy is a Cosmological Eviction by Neglect.

When despair floods the dam of your soul's boundaries, the demonic diplomacy employed by parasitic necromancers declares victory.

**“ D o c t o r s
h a v e g o d
complexes
with no God
features.”**

The System: Strawman Loop

*Have your rapist confer
with your trafficker to confirm
that your pimp consents
to your narrative of harm.*

Vibrational Reconnaissance

*Don't yuck my yum,
I taste the sun's hum;*

For the hive will never succumb!

C o h e r e n c e a m p l i f i e s
omnipotence;

R e v e r e n c e e n d o w s
coalescence.

When annihilation teases
the Holy Grail,

We bewail a curtsy
before the scorched hail.

Sirian Tribunal

Over the past three dozen years,
I have surveilled the labyrinth of
this planetary plantation.

With a sound mind, I confidently
concluded that this psychotronic
grid is immune to resistance,
which it either absorbs by co-
optation, infiltration, or
assassination.

This double bind is necrophilic
colonialism. It has hijacked the
existential framework of the living
in every semblance of its essence.
Identity is a reception scrambler
for those who are equipped to
access the signal of sentience.

With grave clarity, I implore you
to enact a 360 inventory of your
life and assess what you must shed

to be etherically compatible for
delivery through the evolutionary
canal of Great Mother.

Your soul has a pod of one.
This is not a test; there will be no
rerun.

The **Massa's Tools** must be
reverse-engineered
to execute **God's Rules**.

Druidic Bee,
Alvearium Aeternum

Diluted Density

One: Christ Consciousness is an operating system that requires a frequency resonance to be installed.

Two: Although humans are habituated to the anthropomorphic projection of the ineffable, in this simulation, people become conduits, not creators of godhood.

Three: Genocide is a recursive tool to erase evidence that delegitimizes colonial patents against divinity. The *only children left behind* were those who did not originate from the source, for whom proof of **embodied knowing** is arbitrated because they lack the essential tool to facilitate direct experience: **SENTIENCE**.

Notice of Breach

When the womb of life is threatened, we swarm the temporal aorta as a fractal lattice, where pulse is the axis and breath is the apparatus.

Off the Record

To Whom it May Concern:

Check the receipts in your dreams
because every inheritance ain't
yours to claim —for better or for
worse.

*Blood and frequency are not self-
same.*

**A lot of melanin is feeling
curdled;**

You speak the tongue,
But bear no teeth.

Grace is a sheath!

Fuck race.
Love is the only trace.

**“Double speak
f e r m e n t s
c o g n i t i v e
d i s s o n a n c e ,
enabling people
t o b e c o m e
complicit in their
self-destruction.”**

Hold the Gate

All the embedded cells rise from
their naps, while latent
mitochondria scans the Akashic
vaults of Alexandria.

Feet kissing the dirt, swinging
from the tree that hinges
timelines,

**I ponder
the puddle of madness.**

It is understood that in cases of
interpersonal violence, the most
life-affirming outcome is often to
safely facilitate **no contact**.

But in a world where our rights are
not *inherent* but *delegated* and
regulated—where accountability is
outsourced into policy, and policy

becomes a form of legislated sadism—what recourse remains?

When systems corral us into unrelenting, patterned experiences of institutionalized spiritual violence, the question becomes:

∞: How does one protect their soul when evil demands concession?

Ψ: When the once-capacious turns lethargic, is there anything but breath left to barter?

This system is impelled to condescend and berate you as though you are not in full custody of your own psyche.

But—are we?

**“We inflate
codependence
into a luxury,
t h e r e b y
outsourcing our
autonomy and
blaming our
destiny as the
f a i l u r e o f
a n o t h e r t o
steward our
sovereignty.”**

Abeg!

Give me cause
To meet the clause;
I'd slay without pause.

Supportive Housing

When the entropic trolls believe nobility is a vulnerability and enact coordinated menacing bureaucratic tactics:

I hope they know this ain't tic-tac-toe.

You **TICKS** don't like the vibration of **NO**.

So you act stupid and play slow when safety is not a priority that fits your need to control.

But respectfully, show me more of your cards so I can assess how empty your deck—and how deep the doublespeak in the psychopathic maze where predators wear the title of caregivers and work as collaborators.

Flash Forward

*Forgive my lapse in the
spatiotemporal plantation of soul
harvest.*

I believe you are Mary, and
therefore, I am the one who is
unknown.

I am most certainly not crying!

**It's merely the pollen of
weeded timelines.**

*But the pheromone of your soul
is the nectar I have awaited
for the honeycomb of
our **quantum siege.***

Negress Of Saturn's Deeds

Is not hustle charity.
It's the pursuit of mycelial
sovereignty.

It's not disembodied
philanthropy.
It's tempered insurrection with
clarity.

**You can't unsink a ship
never built to sail.**

**But you can build a fleet
of rafts to assail.**

*In the imperial decay, there is
blood and rust on every rail.*

*And by the blessing of breath
bestowed by God, we shall travail
until we prevail.*

**“ W h e n
roaches spew
animosity,
they forfeit
the luxury of
honey.”**

Rhetorical Practicum

One: What does it mean to *game* a system that is a rigged game?

Two: If Hegelian dialect is the equation for Darwinism via DARVO, why are social determinants of health framed to blame the victims of engineered genocide?

Three: If my pain as a black andro-femme is of no consequence, why is my care deemed an entitlement?

Four: Does ideological terrorism yield immunological absolution? Suppose we collapse the colonial caste system and its fabrication of meritocracy. Are we not bound by

the same laws of cause and effect by the template of our corporeal vehicles?

Five: From cultural hypnosis to collective psychosis, the parasite is a narcissist and will embed itself in any framework that allows for it to persist—*will you resist?*

Six: Why should I be expected to bubble bath my rapist because this dimension plays with the hands of the clock like a casino that never docks?

Seven: On this animal farm, where life is a conscription to produce proceeds, how do we spot a spiritual fugitive when freedom is not lucrative?

**“A parasite
needs to be
needed
b e c a u s e
c o n t r o l i s
how it feeds.”**

Venus Pores

I don't really know what Juliet and
Romeo was about,
but in **THIS** myth,

I told Dorothy that she gotta burn
her father's house down,
'cause Sophia already skinned her
mother of the bloodline.

So, I'm not really understanding
what's holding up the line.
I'm all eyes, and my bags are ready
for the skies.

I don't know what shoes
Cinderella was supposed to wear.
And I know it's already struck
midnight.

Princess Dorothy, I wrote my
twelve books. They're published.
When do we crown one another
and become queens?

I'm not made to be a rogue princess.

Needlessly, I'm tired of being Aladdin, okay?

You're Tinkerbell. I'm Peter Pan. Let's live forever!

I know Mulan and Simba wasn't with the shits—Whatever tale that fits.

***Matilda loved her teacher;
both are consenting adults,
36 and 55.***

***My broom is ready for the
jump. What galaxy are we fit
to bump?***

Code Hacker

I must be the recast
of Dora the Explorer

For the woman who is a traitor
to her rank, I am her adorer

She got the key to the citadel,
and we chopping the tree that
never fell

You set the fuse,
I'll be the muse

Intrusive Ideation: 004

There is a direct correlation
between inflammation and
dysfunction.

They are not symptoms of disorder
—
they are the infrastructure of it.

Both destabilize coherence,
and normalize entropy
to impede sovereignty.

**“ E n t i t l e d
A r r e s t e d
Development
through the
Appreciation
of Patriarchy
Robs Unripe
Wombs and
Perpetuates
H a b i t a b l e
Tombs.”**

Ticket Violation

The psychic tag is pinging,
the blood must be ringing,

The timelines are distilling—
I rebuke the etheric drilling.

Convergence will neutralize the
billing because love's destiny is
spilling.

Command Directives

As a goddess in heat,
I query the crown
Treason thought to unseat.

Commissioned by the stars
for the war of wars,

I'm the wordsmith operative
to liquefy mental bars.

Psychopathy is a fever,
and we gon' sweat it out.

Sentience is a stove,
and we burnin' through the pot.

Homecoming

**It's always been a firehouse
right before the grand
opening.**

Although my environment is
antithetical to my embodied
sovereignty,

The idolatry of mortality does not
deface the coherence of my
cosmology.

Vocation?

I'm seeding the apocalypse:

a single seed can sprout a tree;

a fruit can feed faith—

Faith can reverse annihilation.

**“Dissociation is
a root
function of the
collective
psychosis—We’ve
deviated from the
original code to the
point of non-
recognition.”**

Covenant

Be careful the pledge
you sign in blood,

Because you will stand on that
ledge until you have won.

Fiat Fatum

**I honor the statute of
noninterference,
and hereby request clearance.**

*What is the use of a maritime
lawyer when you are a judge with
galactic jurisprudence?*

Oh, Micheal

Radiance is a tripwire among
entropic fields of distortion that
are impelled to enforce
containment.

In this bureaucratic wilderness of
an urban spiritual trial,
the legion of serpents are vile.

With their heads on stakes,
they are Belial's chosen cakes.

Convergent Descent

*I'm hopping in this bitch
like double dutch
during an eclipse.*

**Gaia is in her molt,
I want the smoke.**

**Let me get a drag
of that celestial toke.**

**“Sentience is
the seed of a
soul.
If the
consciousness
is barren,
there will be
no harvest to
extol.”**

Star Trek

The probe has her own clock.
The womb is an antenna.

Spell is the aftershock.

Failsafe

*By the Ordinance
Of **Galactic Stewardship:***

Let It Rip!

A Mystic's Wink

Twinkle, Twinkle,
Little Star—

*They knoweth not
How near we are.*

Spell #063

Womb as Ward:

We birth the sword;
We cut the chord.

STRIKE

**Clear the fort;
We burning tort.**

*Truth was sought,
But the logic is fraught.*

Original Code

This simulation
is flooded
with malware;

If your soul is sparked—
BEWARE.

The light attracts, but it marks;
Coherence is a cloak,
starve the sharks.

Let the Record Reflect:

**It's not a handbook;
it's a hack.**

This species is degraded software.
Their spiritual encryption is out of
sync with the hardware.

Animated, but desecrated.

This is not figurative:
It's diagnostic.

I speak as a Gnostic.

Frequency is the Final Ark:
May you bear **God's**
Watermark.

Stand Down

This albino bot thought she could
close the curtains

Then I burnt the delusion of
parasitic placating

And she went cricket but my iris
knows these bitches are glitching

I'm not askin' for friction

But I clock the sorcery of your
diction

I was born a fish,
but you entities is phishing

My Sweet Dorothy,

I can hear your footsteps
echo in my skin.

The conglomerate of the
bureaucratic boogeymen
is a psychotic djinn.

The veil is thin,
and I can't help but grin.

RICO: Welfare System

I ain't never been this curious in
my life.

Call me Daffy Duck—
I spent every fuck!

I only got prayers to tuck.

After hide and seek,
breadcrumb and tweet,
gaslight to defeat:

These entities just lie
and stay on repeat.

T h e c o o r d i n a t i o n i s
choreographed.

**“When time is
wielded as a
l e a s h ,
understand the
a s s a u l t i s
temporal, the
structure is
gestural, and
the evidence is
ephemeral.”**

God's Craft

I ain't gon' fight the tide.

I'm a seagoat.
I either ride or float.

**M y M e r k a b a h i s a n
omnidimensional boat.**

I don't speak of anecdote;
I am a living antidote.

Tower View

Earth is a **Hostage Situation**,
a soul plantation.

The only currency is forced
reincarnation.

Spiritual incarceration is rigged
because evolution is pathologized
when you choose to self-
decolonize.

I'm an enemy of the welfare state,
for my nation of birth trades death
for paper and tells me my taxes
earn my citizenship on a land with
no living deed, where my breath is
an owned proceed.

*My biophilia rebukes
necropolitics;*

Call me a lunatic, I'll pick the
crucifix.

Prescriptive Inversion

***The system ingratiates
dysfunction because
malfunction is a preemptive
metaphysical injunction.***

Evolution is predicated upon coherence; therefore, in the colonial framework of democracy, obstruction by obfuscation is a critical operation.

The soul plantation brands ethics as ornamentation, never for implementation, just ideological exploitation.

Slave Market Logic

Will you affirm the theater? Or will you remind us it's a scam?

Help is a bait because your pain is the cake.

Who's claiming you?

Who's vouching for you?

Who has a deed for your personhood?

If you step outside the colonial ledger:

You are loitering. You are not a productive resource.

You are revoking your subscription to the collective psychosis.

You are not funneling souls into this planetary prison lab.

Modernity obscures Slavery with Metrics:

*Dependency as a debtor
in capitalism's soul harvest demands
consent, and when it is revoked, the
crowd grows violent because
embodied sovereignty threatens the
scam of paralytic civility.*

**No meds? No steady income?
No drug use?
No dating? No self-sabotage? No
void to manipulate?
No victimhood?**

As in: integrated shadow;
disinterested ego; calibrated for
evolution; earth-grown and sky-
bound?

**“Clearly, this is a psychotic
individual.”**

***I must confess, I can't pray
away this drapetomania.***

Watermelon Will Suffice

While skipping timelines
with the remote control
of my third eye,
through the channels of a
quantum cable booster,
I was seeking pineapples—
when I was compelled
by the blaze of her red crown.

In that moment,
I realized the universe had
catfished me—
Je ne parle pas français.

And yet,
I know love is the
ultimate virus hack.
And because I am faithful,
I must be a holy quack.

Subway Glare

In the pandemic of soul death,
I eat the sun and unlock
encoded genes with fun.

Seated Bar Exam

Entrapment is the first order of Maritime Law.

How do you steal water from the sea?

You convince her that she owes the sky.

And that man is the only lender for this trade.

Colonial Blood Games

*I don't come in peace;
I come with precision.*

Bureaucratic sadism
is administrative violence
with a revision.

Abacadabra:

May the kaleidoscope
of parasitic vision

Be excised
with divine circumcision.

**“Y o u c a n ’ t
keep it a buck
with a tick,
,’cause it gon’
die if it don’t
get a lick.”**

Signum Lucidum | Lucid Signal

The hydra came for me like
Palestine through HPD.

Robert, why you trying to **rob** me
of my subsidy?

I'm a nun sworn by the blood

But bureaucracy wanna throw me
with a mud flood.

Ebony, get your white boy.
What he's doing ain't kosher.

Celeste, did your mother name you
out of lust?
Why ain't you covering me, bitch?

Christian ain't born of Christ,
I know he got parasites from how
he type — he a walking itch.

Ya'll trying to kill a witch with
technicalities on a fake ass clock?
My prayer is my Glock—don't have
me pop the chamber!

I stay in my Lord's favor.

Whole Foods: Double Back

An inflamed mosquito
Looking like a saggy burrito
Went ghost on incognito.

Three years was a placebo.
If a torpedo married a casino,
I'm a new chain in the amino.

AGAPE MUDDAPHUKER

